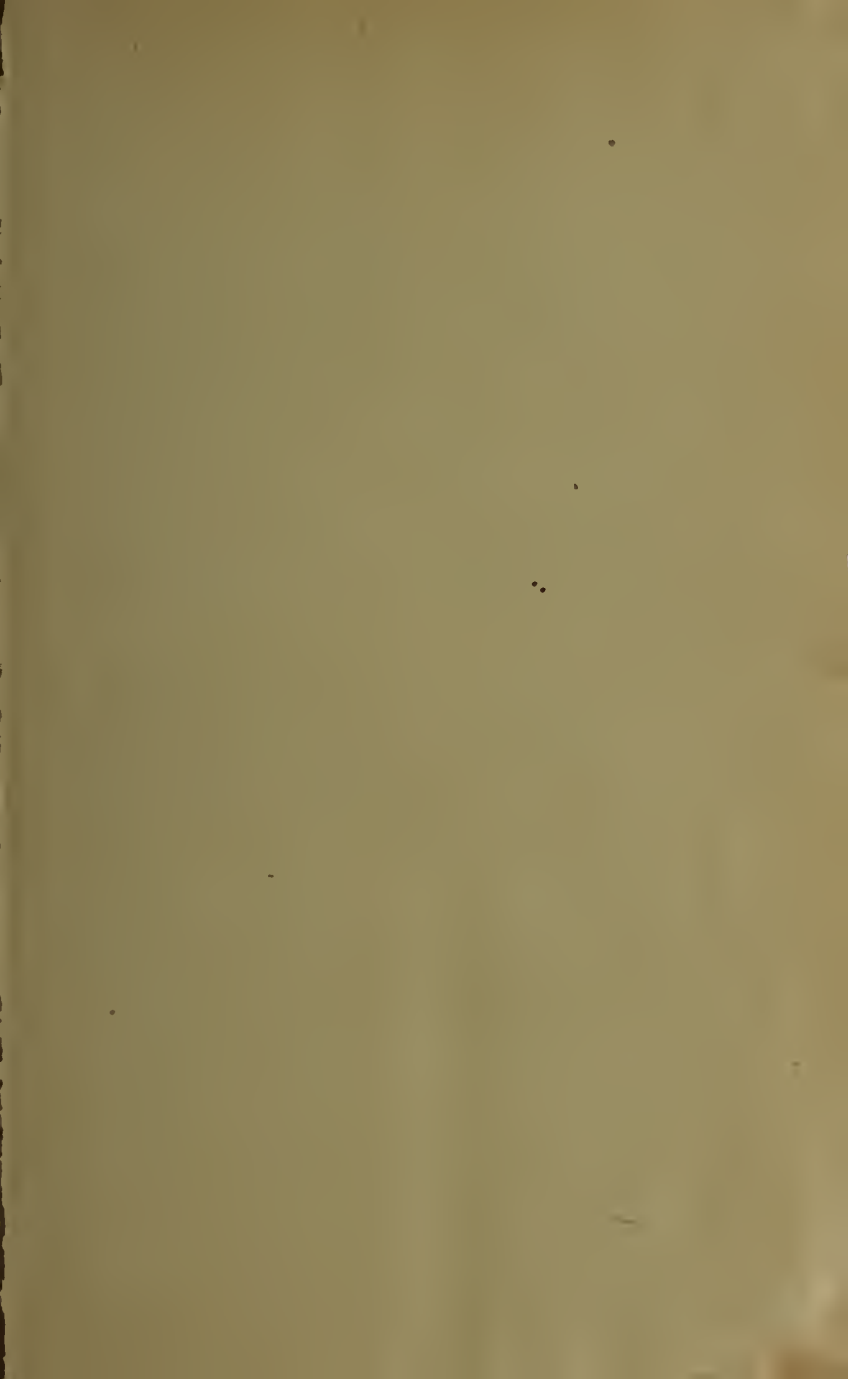


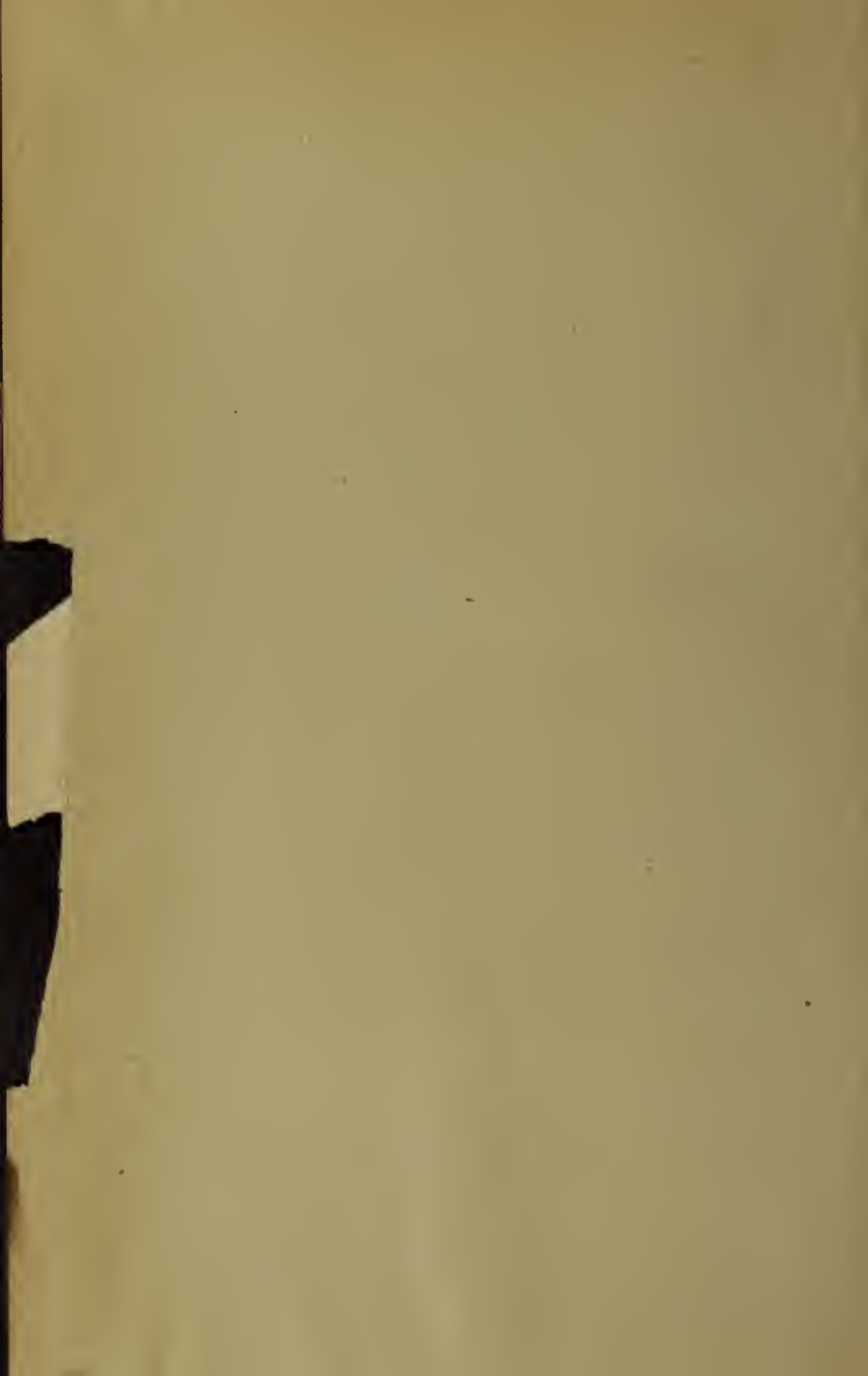


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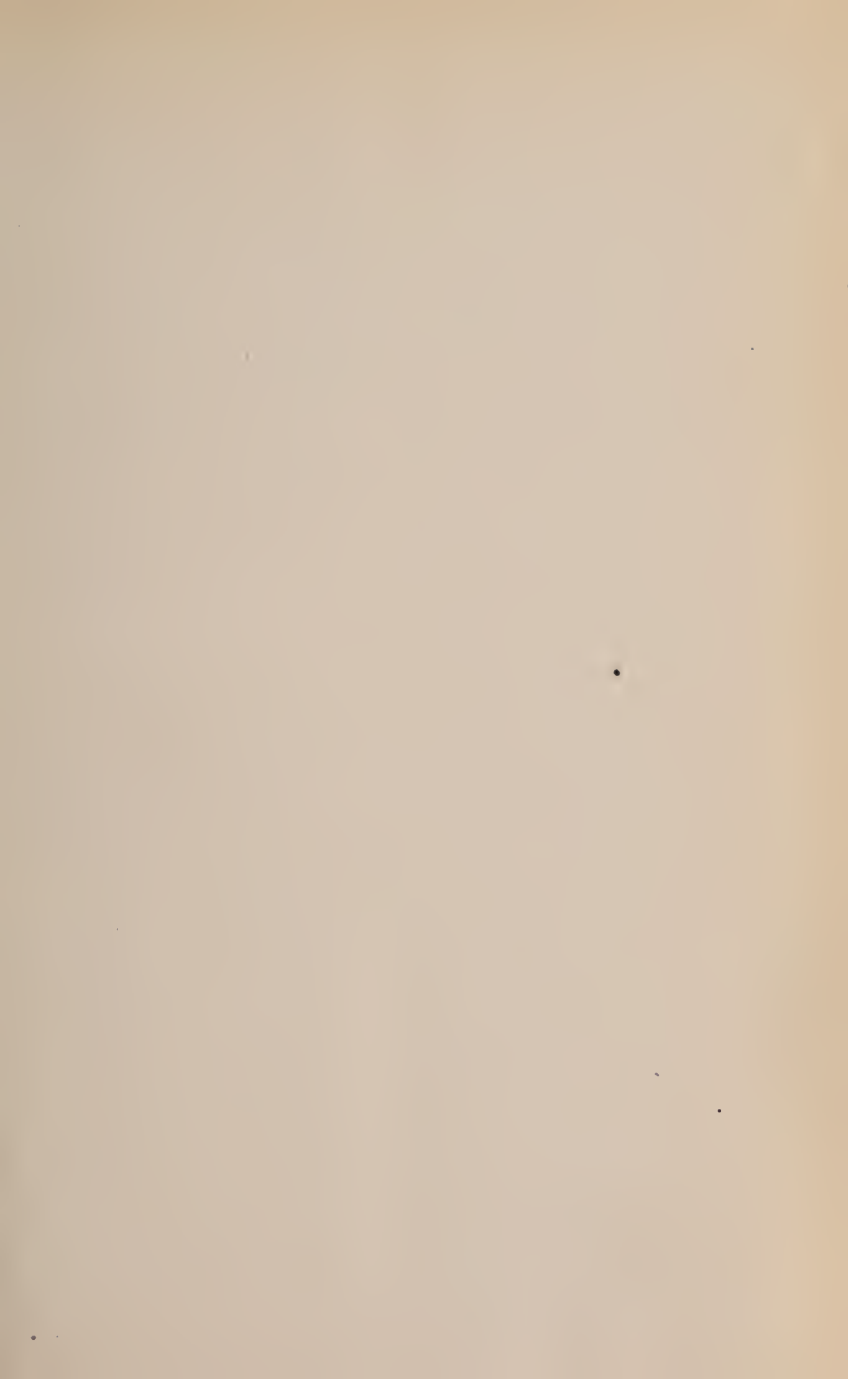
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WOMAN'S WORK

FOR

WOMAN.



VOLUME V.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church,
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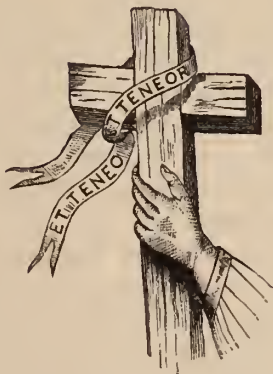
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Woman's Work for Woman.



VOL. V.

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NO. 5.

Ætroad.

SIAM.—Petchaburi.

MISS MARY L. CORT.

. . . I AM much interested in the language and love to learn it. I am trying to teach my teacher English, and we get along famously together. You can have but little idea of what it is to have a teacher whose every word of explanation is like so much Greek or Choctaw to you. I thought at first I never could understand him, but now we can carry on quite a little conversation. This is a very poor language, they have so few words, but I suppose it is because they live so plainly and have so few wants. They are real children of nature, and seem very well satisfied with things as they find them. They have no words in their language for the commonest pieces of furniture among us, such as table, chair, bureau or bedstead, because they never *have* any furniture.

We hold ourselves in readiness to receive callers at all hours of the day, and they usually come, too. I cannot talk to them, so I show them around the house, which is to them a great honor and delight, and give them little Siamese books to read. Oh, that they were as curious to hear of the wonderful gospel as they are to see the things we brought from the United States! The Siamese, like the people in Bible times, have but one name, not such good old names, however, as Peter, James and John, but such as Rit, You, Sin, Lek, Pring, &c. The boys and girls have the same names, and dress precisely alike, therefore it is rather difficult to tell them apart.

These poor natives are, many of them, eager to be taught; one who has lately joined our mission church said to me that he wished I would hurry and learn the language, for he wanted me to teach him. He loves to sit on the floor and have Miss Coffman tell him of Christ and His blessed gospel. He accepts it all with child-like faith and simplicity, and better yet, he is always telling some one else and bringing in new hearers. There is a vast field here for missionary labor and enterprise; there are thousands of naked children in the streets of Canton every day, and there is a less number here only because there are fewer people.

Taking a walk, the other day, we ascended Palace Mountain, and had a fine view of the country lying at our feet, with its ripened rice fields, and groves of sugar palm and cocoanut, its temples and palaces, rivers and canals; and far off to the east we saw the blue waters of the restless sea. We ate our picnic lunch, or tiffin, on the steps of the King's throne, in the audience hall. We walked about the great idol in the mountain temple, measured it, and watched the heathen bowing down before it, and worshipping, even while we stood in the courts of the temple. It is about fourteen feet long, and each foot is more than seven feet broad; the fingers and toes are as large round as the body of a stout man. We noticed, among one party of worshippers, an old gray-haired man, a father and his child, and they all worshipped with clasped hands and faces in the dust. If this was disgusting to us,

how abominable it must be in the pure eyes of our God who was dishonored and put to an open shame. I had no idea of these things until I saw them myself. The land is full of them; everywhere we go we see offerings to the spirits—a palm leaf filled with flowers, and floating on the water, a cocoanut shell filled with sugar water, or incense sticks and idol paper. They seem to worship their idols “on every high hill and under every green tree,” so that the whole land is corrupt before God.

SIAM—Petchaburi.

MRS. J. W. VAN DYKE.

. . . PETCHABURI is a beautiful little tract of country, southwest from Bangkok. The town numbers between ten and fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is built principally along the banks of the Petchaburi River, about ten miles from its mouth.

Our compound is situated on the west bank of the river, about five minutes' walk from the town, which lies above us. We have two mission dwelling houses, the one we live in, and the other now occupied by the three ladies, Misses Coffman, Cort and Grimstead, also a small bamboo building used both as chapel and school room, and five native houses, one belonging to our native minister, another occupied by our watchman, and the third one used by our washerwoman, and two are at present vacant. We have a large yard both back and front, and many pretty flowers and trees; our houses are comfortable, neither large nor small; ours is the smallest of any of the mission houses in Bangkok or here, it being the oldest and a frame house, yet we have a nice parlor, dining-room, two bedrooms, two dressing-rooms, a nursery, Mr. Van Dyke's study, a pantry, two bath-rooms and a verandah across the whole front, which is about sixty feet long. The dwelling part is always the second floor, and generally the houses are built but two stories high, there being in Bangkok, I believe, but three three-storied houses.

Have you ever seen any photographs or pictures of any kind, of the Siamese in their native dress? Would you like to see some?

Very well, strengthen your nerves, and come go for an evening walk with me. We will go out on the road; after leaving our yard, we will walk along the river bank about two hundred yards and come to a group of children, sometimes sitting, sometimes running about, or playing together, both boys and girls, perhaps three, four, five, or even seven or eight years of age, with dark yellow faces, bright black eyes, shaven heads, save a little tuft on the top, which is allowed to grow long, and is wound in a knot up over the forehead; silver or gold anklets, bracelets, chains about the neck and waist, but no clothing—entirely naked. Perhaps they have fled from their homes, and their mothers will be hunting them before long. Yes, here they come, one, two, three; but no, they pass along unobserving of the children, and are pleased with us. They are going to bathe in the river and carry water. Two of them have a cloth reaching from waist to knee, which is drawn tightly around the waist and fastened in front without either string or pin or button or buckle, then drawn through between the knees and fastened again at the back, at the waist. A muslin scarf a half yard in width thrown loosely around the neck, brought under one arm, and then thrown up over the shoulder; nothing more. The third one has only the waist cloth. Here are a group of men and women sitting on the ground, laughing and talking together, and all dressed in the same way. What is that before us? Another woman sitting on the ground, with an infant nursing at her breast, and with a bowl of rice in her hand with which she fills the mouth of another child, who runs about until he has swallowed that, then comes to have his mouth refilled.

There are some children in bathing (and adult females do the same way); now they come up out of the water, and rubbing their hands with a yellow powder (turmeric), they dot their faces, then rub their bodies from head to foot with it. That is their drying process, no towel used. Have you seen enough? We may be to the road now, and will meet nothing more so shocking, perhaps.

This road is about a quarter of a mile long, and forty or fifty feet wide, and leads to the foot of the mountain on which is built

the country palace of his majesty the first King. The road itself is very nice, smooth and grassy, with beautiful shade trees on either side of it. There are other roads in and about Petehaburi, but this is the best and is called the royal road, because it leads direct from the river to the palace mountain. . . .

Give much love to each one of the dear members of your Society, and tell them the knowledge of their prayers has strengthened me already in my home duties. In my next letter I will tell you something of my past work, without making any promises as regards the future.

SIDON.—Syria.

MRS. T. S. POND.

. . . "WE have had a couple of little boxes fitted up to put on each side of a donkey, and send our children out to ride in them. They enjoy it very much.

. . . "I think I wrote you that Hady's Esau sent for his daughter Naamy just before he died. Mr. Pond was away at the time, but the teachers and I decided that it would not be right to deny a father his dying request. We have since heard that he knew nothing about her being sent for, and wished her returned to us at once. We have sent after her, but the family would not let her come. Mr. Pond was there on Saturday, and advised the brother-in-law to bring her back. He started with her yesterday, was a little way from the village when he was set upon by armed men, the Effendi of the village among them. The brother-in-law was beaten and the girl carried off. I wrote to Howaji Shibley, who said that the girl could be taken before the *hackouny*, and if it is proved that she is detained against her will we can claim her. In that case her friends would give her up entirely, and we would have to keep her with us during vacations as well as term time. Miss Jacombs says she is worth it.

"Her wicked mother wishes her to marry a Greek, though her father has only just died, and the girl says she will not marry. Howaji Shibley has written a letter to headquarters in Jedaide. He says that if the girl is not already married they cannot force her

if she will say before those in authority that she does not wish the man."

At a later date, Mrs. Pond writes:—"Just as I closed my last letter to you, Howaji Shibley came in, giving me the welcome information that the men who took part in Hady'a Esau's disgraceful burial were all imprisoned, and therefore we might hope that something would be done about delivering Naamy from the persecution she is enduring. But in a few days we heard that nothing whatever had been done in Jedaide; not one man had been imprisoned, that Naamy had been kept four days and nights at the bishop's, that she had been forced to attend the services of the old church, and that she was beaten and abused in every way. She herself secretly wrote a letter telling how she was treated, and saying that her one desire was to return to her school. But fifteen days remain before they will force her to marry a Greek Catholic. Mr. Pond and others placed the matter before the English Consul and procured a letter to the bishop, asking him to prevent Naamy's marriage. We probably cannot get her back to the school unless her mother can be induced to send her. And the bishop may not pay any attention to the letter, but everything that can be done, has been done."

INDIA.—Rawal Pindi.

MISS WOODSIDE.

. . . I WENT to Dehra to visit the dear old place, and to see the children to whom I am so much attached. I cannot tell you how my heart bounded with joy as I drove into the compound. I was hailed with screams of delight by the children who knew me. I spent two very pleasant weeks at Dehra, visiting among friends and our native Christians. The Dehra school is in the most flourishing condition. Miss Pratt is at the head of the educational department. The building is now complete.

. . . In many respects it was a great disappointment to me that I did not return to my former work, but I know that God has brought me here, and I am perfectly happy and contented.

My work is quite different from that in which I was engaged

before. I have a school of forty Hindu girls, all the children of well-to-do natives. They are very bright, interesting children, much happier than the girls of many other parts of India. They are not secluded in the same way, although they are married very young. There are several in my school married, though not more than ten years old. The females of this part of India have much more freedom and are more independent and industrious; they are also more simple-minded. The greatest drawback to my work here is, that they speak almost a different language from that which I know. I feel this very much at present, but understanding Hindustani so well, I hope soon to be able to understand these people. We intend to open one or two more schools in the city for heathen girls.

Rawal Pindi, you will see by the map, is very far up in the Punjaub, the last station in our mission, in the northern part of India. The climate is very good and healthy, now we have cold weather. We have the Himalayas in the distance. There is a lack of vegetation at this season of the year, but it will improve in the spring. Dehra was green all the year round, and we never wanted for flowers. I hope in my next to write more fully in regard to my work. You will be interested because I am now laboring among heathen girls; before, I taught Christian girls. Pray for us, not only for more success, but that we, individually, may be strengthened in our own souls.

INDIA.—Woodstock.

MISS ANNA E. SCOTT.

Two days ago I came up to this place, and must snatch a few moments from overseeing the work of putting the house in order to add to my letter, for next week I shall be overwhelmed with other duties, getting forty children classified, and seeing them started in their studies.

How I wish that I had the pen of a ready writer, and could describe these grand mountains. Here I am, more than seven thousand feet above the sea line, looking down upon the tops and

slopes and ravines of surrounding mountains, and up at high peaks, some snow-covered. I have not yet been at the top of this mountain where our mission has a sanitarium. From there we can see the mountains of eternal snow. When I am rested I intend to climb up to have a view of them. Before us, like a picture, lies the beautiful "valley of the Doon," and beyond it the low range of the Sewalics. I never saw anything so grand as these mountains, even the part of the Alps we saw were not equal in height to them. The people who live up here are much hardier than those on the plains. Some men from Thibet are working here, and queer looking fellows they are. One cannot help pitying the poor in this country. Even up here, where the air is quite chilly out of the sunshine, they wear no stockings, and it is not considered respectful for servants to wear shoes in the house; many never wear them.

I wish the children could see some of the sights I have seen; the elephants, camels, pretty little ponies, the strange-looking people in the bazárs, sitting on the ground, or on a Moro (sort of seat made of bamboo reeds), displaying their various wares. Everything is exposed for sale without any covering.

Much as I feel the separation from all my dear home friends, I am happy in my new home, and do not regret the step I have taken. I trust I may be a blessing to some precious souls.

You may be sure it was deeply interesting to me to meet the native Christians who knew and loved my dear parents. I made a regular visitation of them in their houses, sitting a few moments in each. In several places cake, native candy and fruits were handed to us, and one day a native dinner was sent to us.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

MRS. L. A. COWLEY.

Spokane Falls.

OUR first month's work is done and this is its record: School commenced the second week in January, with twenty-five scholars, five little girls coming to me. School now numbers forty, but I

confine myself to these little ones as they are in time to become native teachers. They have learned over thirty words in English, besides singing some half a dozen hymns in good English. They can repeat about half of the Lord's Prayer, and count to twenty. Being all alone, and having the entire care of my own family, besides many letters to write each week, it is impossible to begin work for the women, as I shall do, as soon as I can. I now have them help to wash, and thus teach them a little. There is little caste among our people. The men rule, but the women do most of the work. They hold all meetings together and have few secrets—their secrets, if any, are evil thoughts toward each other, which they are sure to confess before partaking of the Lord's Supper.

I wish you could see our people, this morning, as they gather for the first time in the new school house for worship. All have done their best to appear clean; buffalo robes have been rubbed with white clay until nearly as white as snow; dresses washed; hairs combed and faces cleaned. No paint or feathers to-day, for it is not alone the Sabbath but the day they are to commemorate the death of the dear Lamb of God. Surely there must be joy in heaven to-day at this sight. We rejoice with full hearts as we see these tokens of a better life within. May the good work begun be carried on until this people shall become, through Christ's blood, as white as snow! There must be over two hundred and fifty gathered together to-day. They have very fine voices for singing. I can distinguish the hymns distinctly at our house, some twenty rods away, "Come to Jesus!" "Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us." "I love to tell the story," &c. They know some dozen more that they can sing with sufficient correctness for any one to understand. They learn more rapidly than the Nez Percés. Perhaps we know better now how to teach them. I believe there has been but one baptized this year (except infants), and he is a young man from the Roman Catholic Church. My brightest little girl is from Catholic parents.

Is there not some church that would like to send us a communion set?—perhaps one they have set aside for a better. We now use a pitcher and three goblets we purchased in Portland,

before coming to our mission home. Our absolute needs are so many that I would not approve of any money being expended for new things, but some church may be glad to have an old one brought into use again.

May the full glory of God's presence descend upon you! Pray for us that we may so live, day by day, as to accomplish most for the Master.

CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. NELLIE EYSTER.

A NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN DAY

A REALIZATION is a new creation. It is one thing to sit in the quiet of a luxurious home, book in hand, reading of what has been and is now being done among foreign missionary fields, while one's imagination imperceptibly throws a glamour over woman's work for woman; and quite another to stand face to face with the victims of idolatry, to breathe the air which has never been hallowed by the voice of prayer to the living Christ, and look into eyes soft and glowing which have never shed one tear of penitence, nor melted before one look of love.

Because of a passive experience of the former, I record the 18th of March, 1875, as a never to be forgotten day, when, a stranger in the city of San Francisco, I was allowed to accompany Mrs. Condit on a tour of inspection among the Chinese of her mission. There was no need for threading the streets of Canton or Peking in search of heathen degradation in its most repulsive form, for here, among the forty thousand Chinese inhabitants of this city, we found the lowest stages of it in its darkest realities.

Through a narrow alley in Chinatown, reeking with the fumes of burning opium and human filth, up a rickety staircase whose wood had never known the contact of water since it had ceased to be a forest tree, along a dirtier hall into which the doors of as many tiny rooms as there are cells in a bee hive, opened—and we tapped at one in the farthest end. Its dimensions were no larger than that of an Eastern pantry, yet its occupants were two women and a girl of six years old. The stolid countenance of each

lighted up with a glad recognition of Mrs. Condit's sweet face, and their "how do" as they grasped our hands, seemed a genuine welcome. Squatting on chairs, tailor fashion, they were making the button holes and sewing the buttons upon coarse cheek shirts, as fast as their small fingers could fly. Around the window and door frames hung bits of red paper, upon which the prayers for the general prosperity of their home (alas, what a perversion of the word!) were printed in Chinese hieroglyphics; yet the room had but one element of comfort, viz., shelter. Upon Mrs. Condit's reproaching them with having forsaken the Bible class, one quickly replied:

"Me no like em. Me work allee day," then, as though reading the disappointment on Mrs. Condit's face, added, "Me come Mother's Meeting; yes, me come."

The child cuddled up to Mrs. Condit with a loving confidence which would almost have insured the salvation of the women, had they shared it; and in that trustfulness of the children lies the largest hope for China's future conversion. In the second floor of another building, once a large stable, and now but one degree removed from it, were dozens of both sexes herded together like cattle. The men were very busy, some cooking rice, one mending shoes, another adjusting the springs of an old mattress, all at work as though to earn the coveted "two bits a day" was the sole duty of man.

Following my leader, to whose fearless and friendly salutation all the men responded, we went into a room, or den, where sat two women, one, called Susan, having just laid down her opium pipe as we entered. Her emaciated body and dull eyes told that the deadly drug was slowly killing her.

"God not love you to smoke opium. Very bad, Susan, *very* bad," said Mrs. C.

"Hi! God love smoke baecy?" she asked, with much serious inquiry. Meanwhile her companion, a young, pretty creature, who was sewing on buttons, began to caress my hand.

"You love Jesu? love Jesu heap?" she asked.

"Yes. I love him with all my heart," I replied.

"Me love Him, too," she said, and as she again pressed my hand, I felt the first magnetic thrill of sisterly "communion and fellowship" with these strangers of the covenant, and the mercy of God the Father.

Our visit to the Joss House, the scene of such dreadful rites; our glimpse into cellars and by-ways; our call upon the Christian household of Mr. and Mrs. Tam Ching; our half hour in the "Home for Chinese Women, or Refugees," where Miss Cummings has already sown a mustard seed of truth as immortal and precious as her own soul; all these and a deal more would but cumber your pages with words of recital; yet of all I saw that day, one fact stands out as bold and clear as the Master's promises, viz., that as members of Christ's loving band, women *must* work, and women *must* pray, and that if *half* the time and money wasted upon the adornment of our Eastern churches, and the gratification of our religious aesthetics is devoted to the use of this zealous, self-denying mission branch of the Pacific coast, it will plant a root which, in God's own time, shall be for "the healing" of the great and growing Chinese nation.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

MRS. KELLOGG, ALLAHABAD, INDIA.

I HAVE just returned from the funeral of one of our native Christian women. She had a babe born nearly two weeks ago, and has been very ill ever since. We have watched and nursed her all these days, hoping against hope, but yesterday she left us. I trust she was prepared to go, but she leaves a husband and three little children, the youngest only one year and three months old. I could not help thinking what a pity it was some of you ladies could not be there to see the difference between a Christian funeral and a heathen one. They with their noisy wailing and screams, carrying the dead one on a bed to be burned or cast into the river; and these Christians shedding quiet tears, but saying, "even so, Lord, Thy will be done!"

Oh, it is worth all we do or can do, to have led even a few to

receive this blessed religion, the only thing that can comfort in such hours as this.

Miss Dascomb writes from Rio Claro, Brazil:—"Our school reopened, after thirteen days vacation, on the 30th of March.

"Our besotted little city has just celebrated Holy Week with such a display as has not been seen here for eight years. The business men originated the commemoration, and the large land-owners who have houses in the city paid \$4000 towards expenses. Country people came in by hundreds. Large processions, kissing of pictured saints, giving of alms, going to church to see children's feet washed, and hear music, suspending about twenty Judases to be torn to pieces by eager children, testified to the orthodoxy of the Roman Catholic population.

"To some, business was the chief attraction, one door of the shops being kept open often on prohibited days. To others, pleasure, handsome dressing, the agreeable excitement of a crowd in a usually stagnant society. And I presume there were those who, from an ill-defined expectation of religious good, of spiritual profit, accompanied the many in the broad road their forefathers trod. How we longed for the voice of a trumpet to sound out the blessed truth of a present, near Father, Redeemer and Comforter!"

Another of our missionaries writes: "When threading my way into dark Chinese alleys, not knowing what is beyond, I find myself often thinking of the dear ladies of your Executive Committee *praying for me*. You don't know how many little halos those prayers do make for me in these squalid homes. Never forget to pray for us! You cannot imagine what an unmingled pleasure it is to be able to pray with these women in their own homes, to sing to them our sweet hymns, and to repeat precious gospel truth to them."

From Lahore, India, Mrs. C. B. Newton, writes: "I believe the young missionaries are going to see much more glorious things here than the old veterans have seen. A great preparatory work has been accomplished; the foundations of heathenism are being undermined, you need not be surprised to hear of its falling with a great crash some day. It will be a blessed privilege then to feel that we have had some part in it."

At Home.

"AND SHE LEFT HER WATERPOT."

WHAT an up-springing life is there ever in the story of Jesus and the woman of Samaria. "The well is deep," yet its waters seem also to jet up as a brilliant fountain, every drop reflecting the varied glories of the Sun of Righteousness.

While Christians now are everywhere engaged in providing for their own wants, and those of "His body, the Church," our blessed Lord still sits waiting, and is even now saying to each one of the Christian women of America, as of old, "Give me to drink." We speak advisedly. The Lord Jesus identifies Himself with those He came to save. David recognized this fact when, by inspiration, he said, "To Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba; prayer also shall be made for Him continually." Therefore, when we do anything to make the gospel known, either here, or in heathen lands, the Master receives the offering, as made to Himself personally. We have His own word for this.

And as to that favored woman of Samaria, so also to us, will the reward be great. To the command, "Go, preach the gospel!" is attached the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." What greater blessing can we desire, than the felt and abiding presence with us of Christ? and we find both by experience and observation, that true union with Christ in seeking the redemption of the world, does have a strong reflex influence upon our own spiritual life. When, with joy, we "draw water out of the wells of salvation" for the benefit of others, our own souls are watered as never before. The water that Jesus gives us, becomes indeed within us "a well of water, springing up to everlasting life." It is a difficult question to answer, whether the partial awakening of the women of the Presbyterian Church to their duty in foreign missions, is of most effect for good at home or abroad.

But many say, "We have no time to give to this matter, our

home duties need all our attention." Had the woman of Samaria no home duties? Fallen though her life may have been, had she not come to the well to fill her waterpot with water for the use and comfort of her household? This household in that hot climate, may have really suffered while she went into the city to tell of the Saviour she had found. But what a blessing was given! "Many of the Samaritans believed on Him for the saying of the woman." There are songs of thanksgiving in Heaven to-day, because, for the time being, "she left her waterpot."

This perhaps may be called an extreme case. We do not ask you, dear Christian sister, to neglect any clear home duty. But we are apt to do many unnecessary things for our families. Let the higher law govern: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." Your children's hearts and minds will be expanded, if they see that in sympathy with, and obedience to our Divine Lord, you take, with Him, a wider outlook than your own neighborhood affords; that your thoughts extend beyond the mere "what shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Your family will better realize the power of the unseen and the eternal, if they see that in order to attend some missionary meeting for prayer, or for business; or that you may have more to give to this great cause, you are ready to save upon some rich article for the table, or to do without some extra tucking or embroidery even for "the household pet;" and even though the enticing sewing-machine urges you on to further labor.

Let us do about all these things, just as would seem right to us, were our Lord as visibly under our roof as He was in the home at Bethany. Is he not in fact, just as truly ever present with us?

H.

ONE of our missionaries wrote not long ago: "It seems to me that you dear ladies at home are doing a *great* work—how great you can never know in this world. I do not wonder that you are happy in it and enjoy it."

THE WORK IN OREGON.

PORTLAND AUXILIARY.

This Association in connection with the Presbyterian church is the pioneer Branch upon the Pacific coast. It has recently held its annual meeting, and forwarded its fourth annual contribution to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. It is our privilege to support two schools in India under the care of Mrs. Wyckoff.

Numerous claims, general, denominational and local, demand the sympathy and exertions of our ladies. In consequence of the fact that this is the only self-supporting church in our connection throughout the region, including the State of Oregon and the Territories of Washington and Idaho, *local* calls are perhaps (proportionally) greater than in any other church that can be named. And we have therefore the more reason for gratification that in the midst of all these, the perishing of our sex beyond the seas have not been forgotten.

We have also in connection with our church, the Occidental Mission Circle, which is likewise the pioneer circle upon the coast. The young misses who compose it have raised, as in previous years, fifty dollars, as their contribution to the parent society. To accomplish this result, they have depended not only upon semi-annual membership fees, but also upon the sale of various fancy articles, in the manufacture of which they have expended much time and skill. The circle comprises but few in numbers, but the diligence and perseverance with which they have employed their busy fingers, have been cheering to older Christians who desire that the young should early learn to walk in paths of usefulness, and also earnestly wish that those who follow us should exceed us in zeal for the Master and His cause.

J. L.

IN answer to some inquiries which have been made, we wish to say that the lunch which was provided for the delegates at the Annual Meeting in April, and other incidental expenses of said meeting, were met by special funds raised among the ladies of Philadelphia.

THERE IS WORK FOR ALL.

BY C. S. B.

Was it a dream? I seemed to see a field of bending grain,
That ripe, in yellow splendor rolled like billows o'er the plain;
And when the morning sunlight threw its beams of glory there,
Forth came the laborers, each in place, the harvest work to share.

First were the reapers, then by some the golden sheaves were bound,
And other hands soon gathered these; none idle could be found,
For there was nothing lost that day of all that bounteous store,
Because of sloth, or that some tired before the task was o'er.

But all, with cheerful spirit, gave their utmost strength and skill,
Or where these lacked, their place was filled by patient, earnest will;
Some, to refresh the weary ones, brought food and water too,
The service in itself was small, yet all that they could do.

There even children had a place, and in the Master's sight,
Not trifling was the work they wrought, with hands of slender might
That gleaned the scattered blades of grain through all the sunny hours,
Though one, a tiny, prattling one, had gathered only flowers.

And when the evening sunlight threw long shadows on the sward,
Each who had borne a part that day, received a fit reward;
While all alike rejoiced, because all shared the labor done,
The welcome night brought rest at last, sweet rest for every one.

And then I thought, if it were thus, in God's broad harvest field,
How full the gathering there might be, the rich abundant yield;
For over all the hills and vales, unfolding to the view,
A glorious fruitage ripens fast, and "laborers are few."

'Tis true that some go forth at morn, nor cease when night is near,
But where the number that should haste the fainting hearts to cheer?
Shall servants of a mighty King be laggards to the last,
Until the grain is garnered, and the harvest time is past?

Or any say, with careless speech, "I have no work to do?"
O thoughtless ones, the world is wide, there is a place for you,
And in our Master's field to-day, some work for *every one*,—
Work for the willing hands to do, and rest when toil is done.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

WE gladly accept the suggestion of the following letter from a dear worker, and would indicate as the subject for this month, our young converts from heathenism under the peculiar temptations and trials to which some of them are now exposed in Syria and elsewhere, that they may be kept firm and true to their newly-found Saviour, even through the fires of persecution. The account of Naamy, on page 149, will furnish one such case.

"In a late issue of *Woman's Work*, I notice a request for special prayer in behalf of Mrs. Reading, who 'sailed for Africa in April.' This has recalled to my mind a wish which I have been inclined to express in the form of a suggestion to the Editor of our little periodical. It is, that some special objects for concerted prayer for the month, should be indicated in each issue of *Woman's Work*, in concise language, with any information requisite to render such prayer an intelligent servicee.

"The hour of prayer, between five and six on Sunday afternoon, must be an increasingly interesting season to every member of our Society. Personally unknown to each other, we yet meet in sweet unison of purpose, acknowledging our individual indebtedness to that gospel which has made us free, and entreating our Heavenly Father that we may be permitted to serve Him, in extending the same blessings to others, and that He will bless our servicee. It is my practice, when reading our periodical, to make a little memorandum of such things as appear to me special subjects for prayer. In doing so, I am often at a loss, as some one communication may present no marked individuality; another may be of less comparative importance yet engross my attention. Thus it occurred to me as desirable, that our entire praying circle should have presented to them each month, special subjects of prayer, suggested by those who from being brought into nearer personal relation with our missionaries, are best qualified to designate their individual needs. Of course such specifications must not supersede the suggestions of our own hearts and minds in our reading of the reports given in *Woman's Work*.

"There are many, and, I trust there will be very many more of

us women, whose position and duties in life, render it at least *impracticable* to spend the time requisite for 'praying through' our little magazine, or so to study it as to collate and retain in memory special objects of prayer. Many a noble, true Christian woman, can withdraw from her little home circle and its duties, but a few moments at a time. Such, I presume, now unite with us in a brief, general, though fervent petition for a blessing upon the Society and its efforts. The thought of this is precious, exceedingly so, none of us would, on any account, give up this first, greatest request. We *must* have God's blessing or cease effort, but it is certainly a precious privilege to present special objects in united prayer, with the remembrance of our Lord's promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.' "

WE have been sending *by mail* copies of *Woman's Work* to the missionaries under the care of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the Woman's Board of Missions of the Northwest, and would gladly continue to do so, but the list has grown too long to warrant the outlay required for postage. Hereafter we will send these copies with the periodicals of the Board of Foreign Missions, via, the Mission House in New York, *except* to those in our own country, and in other countries where a low rate of postage prevails,—as China, Japan, Brazil and Mexico. If any one will send us the required postage for a particular copy, we will mail it direct as before. The postage on *Woman's Work* per year is as follows: to Africa, \$1.44; India, \$1.68; Siam, \$1.68; Syria, \$1.20; Persia, \$1.20.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

AUXILIARIES.

East Springfield, Ohio.
Cambridge, Ohio.

Bruin, Butler Co., Pa.
Canton, Bradford Co., Pa.

BANDS.

Clarksburg, Pa., Mission Band.
Elizabeth, N. J., 3d Ch., Willing
Workers.
Ebenezer, Pa., Mission Band.
Hamilton, Ohio, Miami Band.

Hamilton, Ohio, Little Gleaners.
New Market, Tenn., Mission Circle.
Thompsonville, Conn., 1st Ch. S.
S., Mission Band.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Critchlow, Mrs. Eunice,
Gaylord, Mrs. Anna M.,
Hoch, Miss Ray E.,

Laughlin, James, Jr.,
M'Laughlin, Mrs. E. A.,
Patterson, T. H. B., Esq.

*Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society
of the Presbyterian Church, from May 1, 1875.*

SPECIFIC APPROPRIATIONS.

Bloomfield, N. J., S. S., Westminster Ch., for New Canton School Building, .	\$27 00	Grains of Wheat, sup. Lajwanti, Allahabad, \$14; Butler Band, sup. Saudie of Dizza, additional, \$5, .	\$68 20
Brandywine Manor, Aux., sup. Mrs. Wherry, . . .	16 00	Germantown, Pa., "W." for New Canton School Build- ing,	10 00
Cleveland, O., Pres. W. F. M. S., 2d Ch. S. S., for scholar- ship in Miss Allen's school, Mexico, \$100; scholarship in Mrs. Alexander's school, Mynpurie, \$30; and for New Canton School Building, \$100 (\$230); Woodland Ave. Ch., Sarah Adams Band, sup. Kada Krishn, Negpore, \$50; for Rio Claro building, \$40 (\$90); Memorial Ch. S. S., for Ghurzooz, <i>special, gold</i> , \$5,	325 00	Greenville, Pa., Mrs. Eunice Critchlow, for Rio Claro Building,	25 00
Cross Creek, O., for Miss Noyes, Canton,	5 00	Lexington, Mo., Aux., for New Canton School Building, .	5 50
Dayton, O., Aux., sup. Mrs. Da Gama,	369 17	Livonia, N. Y., Aux., balance on scholarship in Miss Allen's school, Mexico, .	6 00
Demos, O., Concord Aux., sup. Bible reader, Lahore, .	56 32	Marietta, Pa., Zenana Help- ers, scholarship, Kolapoor, .	15 00
Dunellen, N. J., Aux., for scholarship under Mrs. Bushnell,	20 00	Mt. Gilead, O., Aux., for New Canton School Building, .	27 00
Ellicott City, Md., Aux., for Mrs. Nevius' work, . . .	30 00	New Alhany, Ind., Aux. sup. Mrs. Carrothers, Japan, .	144 38
Erie, 1st Ch. Aux., support Bakhshi, Saharanpur, . .	58 80	New Providence, N. J., schol- arship, Shanghai, . . .	45 00
Fairfield, Pa., Mrs. Jane Cul- bertson, for New Canton School Building,	5 00	North East, Pa., Aux., sup. Mula, Mynpurie, \$30; for Rio Claro Building, \$10, .	40 00
Forks of Wheeling, West Va., Aux., sup. Mrs. Shaw, . .	50 00	Orange, N. J., 1st Ch. Aux., sup. Miss Crouch, Canton, .	250 00
Fort Wayne, Ind., 2d Ch. S. S., sup. Hannah David, Dehra,	35 00	Philadelphia, Arch St. Ch. Aux., sup. Miss Walsh, <i>gold</i> , \$100; 1st Ch., N. L., Little Gleaners, scholar- ship, Kolapoor, \$35; 2d Ch., Star of the East Band, for Mrs. Eddy's special work, \$50; Mr. Graeff's Bible Class, for furnishing New Sidon School Build- ing, \$67 25 (\$117 25); North Ch., S. S., No. 2, sup. Sarah Domingo and Esther Baboona (quarterly payment), \$22 50; West Spruce St. Ch., Band of Love, for Rev. G. F. Dale's special work, \$15; Wood-	
Franklin, O., Miss. Band, sup. native teacher, Futtehghurh, Geneseo, N. Y., Central Ch., Mission Aid, balance on scholarship in Miss Allen's school, Mexico, \$49 20;	25 00		

land Ch. Aux., sup. Miss Nassau, \$25; Coral Workers, balance for sup. Hosma Haddad, Sidon, \$15 (\$40); M. M. M'C., "a thank offering," for New Canton Building, \$5,	\$334 75	Syracuse, N. Y., Park Ch. Aux., New Canton Building,	\$11 00
Pittsburgh, Pa., Central Ch., sup. Mrs. Tracy and scholar under her care, \$70 13; Shady Side Aux., sup. Mrs. Tracy, \$56; 3d Ch. Aux., sup. Mrs. Millar, \$75; 6th Ch. Aux., sup. Mrs. Houston, \$57 75,	258 88	Towanda, Pa., Little Gleaners, sup. Susie, Coriseo,	30 00
Pottstown, Pa., Aux., sup. Graeo Wilson, Mynpurie,	30 00	Trenton, N. J., "A lady," sup. Miss Wilson, Allahabad, \$150; 4th Ch. Aux., sup. Mrs. Holcomb, \$116,	266 00
Ringoes, N. J., Kirkpatrick Mem. Ch., for Rio Claro Building,	47 10	Upper Buffalo, Pa., Aux., sup. Mrs. Shaw,	125 00
Santa Clara, Cal., Aux., for New Canton Building,	33 90	West Chester, Pa., "Willing Hearts," New Canton Building, <i>gold</i> ,	20 00
Seville, O., Aux., New Canton Building, \$9; for Miss Mattie Noyes' special work, \$23 35,	32 35	Wilkesbarre, Pa., 1st Ch., Mrs. M. H. Rieman, for village school at El Hadeth, Syria, \$70; J. W. Hollenback, Esq., for Lebanon school, \$75,	145 00
Slatevillo, Pa., Aux., balance for sup. Bholi and Sundari,	9 00	Williamsport, Pa., 1st Ch. Aux., sup. Belinda and school under Mrs. Wherry, Williamstown, Mass., Mrs. M. S. Foote, for Donna Palmyra C. Leite,	1 50
Summit, N. J., Miss. Band, sup. Dujoy, Allahabad,	25 00	Youngstown, O., 1st Ch. Aux. for work in Mexico,	19 00
			<u>\$3071 85</u>

The \$30 acknowledged in the June number of *Woman's Work*, from the Fullerton Band of Princeton Ch., Phila., should have been for pupil at Gaboon.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO GENERAL FUND.

Avondale, O., Young Ladies Benev. Society,	\$25 00	garet F. Cooper, \$1; A Missionary, <i>gold</i> , \$5; Mrs. Yhlen Olsen, money returned, \$50,	\$99 50
Bound Brook, N. J., "A few Ladies,"	25 00	Rochester, N. Y., Memorial Ch. Aux. Soc.,	5 00
Delphi, Ind., Aux. Soc.,	26 25	Rotherwood, Tenn., Mrs. Ann P. Waterbury,	5 00
East Springfield, Pa., Aux. Society,	38 00	Taneytown, Md., Miss M. Birnie,	10 00
Germantown, Pa., 1st Ch., Miss Bayard,	5 00	Union, N. Y., 1st Ch.,	14 00
Mt. Joy, Pa., Aux. Soc.,	3 00	Washingtonville, Pa., Aux. Society,	20 50
North Jackson, O., Aux. Soc.,	14 25	Williamsport, Pa., Mrs. Sarah Thompson,	1 00
Peabody, Mass., Susanna Mills,	40	Wooster, O., Aux. Soc.,	15 00
Philadelphia, Calvary Ch., Hattie Meigs' Fair, \$2 50; Johnstone Aux., balance of pledge for year, \$5; West Spruce St. Ch., Infant Class, additional, \$6; Immanuel Ch. Aux., \$30; Mrs. Mar-			<u>\$306 90</u>
		Total Receipts, May, 1875,	\$3378 75

MRS. J. M. FISHBURN, *Treasurer*,
1334 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1875.

Our Little Workers.



THE AYAH.

THIS woman is called in India an *ayah*; that is, a waiting maid or nurse. She is taking care of the room of an American lady. Her dress is the same as that of many of the women of India, and will give you an idea of the appearance of the bride of whom Miss Craig writes. The piece of white muslin which covers her head, and is wrapped around her like a shawl, is called a *chuddar*. The women of India rarely appear without this article of dress. Some

of the lower classes whom custom permits to be seen in the street, draw this *chuddar* down over their faces when a man approaches them. Those of the highest class never allow themselves to be seen by any men, except their husbands, fathers and brothers. This *ayah* belongs to the lower class. You will see that she looks very different from the Arab woman whose picture was in the May number of *Woman's Work*. She lives a great many miles from her, away up in the northern part of Hindustan. She has learned to love Jesus too, for she has had some one to tell her of Him, but there are many, many other women of India who have never heard of Him, and who are teaching their dear little children to kneel before hideous looking idols and pray to them. Poor little children, never taught about Jesus by their mothers! Let us do what we can to have them taught, and pray for them too, every day.

KASOR.

DEHRA DOON, INDIA.

TO THE SABBATH-SCHOOL SUPPORTING KASOR:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—It is about time that you were hearing from Kasor again. You will perhaps be surprised to learn that she was married on the 31st of December, to a young native Christian named Samuel. She has gone to live with him in the Christian village which was settled, and is watched over by Rev. Mr. Carleton, one of our best missionaries.

Kasor grew up very rapidly and as these girls are as old at seventeen, as girls in America are at twenty, she was quite old enough to be married. You will laugh when I tell you about the courtship. She saw the young man first on Monday morning, and they were married the next Thursday. It is very funny to us, but it seems to be the right thing here. They don't waste much time in flirtation, the matter is generally settled in one interview. Sometimes the girl makes the suitor wait for his answer till the next day, unless he has courage enough to press for an immediate answer.

If you read carefully the story of Rebecca, in Genesis, you will have a good idea of a courtship among our native Christians, except that with us now, the young man generally comes himself, instead of sending another. The girl is always asked, "Wilt thou go with this man?" and, like Rebecca, she generally answers, "I will go."

When the girl is an orphan, or is entirely supported by friends in America, we furnish her with the wedding outfit. This consists of the wedding dress, a plain white muslin skirt and jacket and white net *chuddar*; three good chintz skirts and jackets; four sets of underclothing; two pairs of stockings and two pairs of shoes; a mattress, pillow, and a quilt made of cotton. With these she is generally very well satisfied.

In some cases, where the girl has been long in the school, and has become a favorite with teachers and pupils, she receives some additional articles as presents, and is generally sent on her way rejoicing. The most of them, however, feel very sad at parting with their schoolmates and teachers, and going out into the world with one who is almost an entire stranger to them; but they soon get over it and make themselves happy in their new homes.

Our school will be very full, we think, this year. We have already 115, and all the old ones have not yet returned since vacation. Several very nice little children have come to us lately. One of them we will give to you in place of Kasor. She is only about six years old, and her parents who are too poor to support her, are bound by an agreement to leave her in school until she is sixteen; so you see you can have her for a long time yet. Her father and mother are members of the church, but I am sorry to say, her father is not at all a good man. They are very poor, and it is a very good thing for his two little girls that they can live and be supported in this school. Her name is Harriet Bates; she is a pretty child, and I think will be bright and smart. As soon as she learns to write, she will write to you.

Yours, very sincerely,

M. A. CRAIG.

W. P. B. M.

Northwestern Department.

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

MISS DOWNING.

IN my last letter I told you something about death and burials in this land of dark superstitions. These superstitions cast their shadows over the children too, even from their birth. If the children of China have not as bright and happy a childhood as the children in Christian lands, it is not because they have not as costly and beautiful playthings, nor as nice houses to live in, but because they have heathen mothers; mothers who teach their little ones the same foolish and cruel, as well as false notions of spirits and the spirit world, that they in their childhood learned, and from a belief in which they have suffered all their lives.

A few days ago a little girl in my school was covered with a rash. She was not ill, but frightened. A woman living near had just died. She thought her spirit, or the constable who was dragging her to the neighborhood god, had in passing come in contact with her, and still remaining there, caused this eruption. She begged to have some *tson* (dried millet stalks) burned, that she might heat her body by these flames. Ordinary fires have no power to drive away these spirits, but they fear the millet, and one kind of bean. The child had been playing out on the hill side and was probably poisoned by some weed, instead of being troubled by a passing spirit. She got well without the millet stalks. But I am sorry to add that a compromise was made without my knowledge. By the advice of a woman who was here sewing, some Chinese characters were written and held before her, and passed around her body so that no part was left unaffected by this potent charm. When I was explaining that there was a

natural cause for the eruption, and as they could see it had disappeared without resorting to their foolish customs, they truthfully told me what they had done to cause this cure !

THE UNWELCOME LITTLE DAUGHTER.

One of these short lived daughters of China was brought to our notice, a few months ago, because of another daughter of the family being in the school. The night after Christmas a babe was born, in a comfortless mud house, with no bright, warm fires within, and cold winds and biting frosts without. No soft bed, and nice warm blankets awaited the little stranger, but a hard, cold brick *kang*, on which this infant lay naked all night. The mother gave up her life in giving birth to this helpless child, which was *only a daughter*, and would be a sad incumbrance to the father and grandmother, who expected it to die, and go to the grave with its mother. Being left thus uncared for, the wonder was it did not fulfil this expectation at once. After twelve hours of exposure the child was living. When this was known, the matron of the school was sent to ask the father to give the child to one who would take care of it. This offer was gladly accepted, and the half frozen child was wrapped in an old garment and brought to its new home, where all that warmth and care could do was done to save its life. But in vain, the freezing had been so complete that the thawing out process was too much for the puny frame to bear, and twenty-four hours after it entered its second home, its spirit was taken to its eternal one.

There are many such cases in this land. If the mother dies the infant is left to die, too. It would be too much trouble to rear a motherless child, especially a daughter. In other lands, if the first-born dies in infancy, how it is mourned ! Here, too, perhaps it is mourned ; it certainly is if it be a son. But how is that sorrow manifested ? No care is taken to make the lifeless body beautiful for the grave. There is no pretty casket and no fragrant flowers. Not even a grave is prepared, but the body is wrapped in some old cloth or matting, and "throwu to the dogs." When you know why these heathen mothers "throw away" their dead first born, you will pity them, and do all in your power to help to unbind the chains of

this cruel superstition that hangs so heavily upon their mother hearts. There is a dog in the skies who feeds upon dead infants. If the first child dies it is "thrown away" to the dogs to appease this canine monster of the spirit world, and bribe him (or the god to whom he belongs) to allow the mother to rear other children who may succeed this first born dead.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-four years ago a wonderful Babe was born in a manger, at whose birth the angels proclaimed "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." After all these ages, there are multitudes who yet "sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death," waiting for those who have been visited by the "day-spring from on high," to give them this "light." The heathen mother sees an insatiable dog in the skies waiting to devour her child. The Christian mother sees Jesus, once himself a little child, and hears him saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

PERSIA.

REV. W. R. STOCKING.

OROOMIAH, March 23, 1875.

WHEN I wrote you last, I had no idea it would be so long before I should find the time to translate and send you the enclosed letter. It was written by Eshoo (Jesus), a very interesting young man from the district of the mountains called Tiary. His village is named "Ar-bush," I have never yet been able to visit it, and I doubt if any missionary ever went there, as it is some two or three days' journey distant from the usual route through the mountains. He had been one year in the seminary here before I reached the country, and was in the school again during the short session of three months in the spring and summer of 1872, when it was under my care. In that summer he made a public confession of Christ, and united with the church at Seir (our mountain station where the seminary is located). August 15, 1872, in company with my wife and Miss Cochran, I started on a tour through the mountains; and Eshoo, with some seven of his companions from

different portions of the mountains (who had been attending the school) accompanied us, on their way to their homes.

For two years the school did not gather, and Eshoo was employed each winter to teach the school in his own village, as he relates in his letter (which I have endeavored to translate as literally as possible). Last fall the school was opened again, and Eshoo returned to pursue his studies. He is one of the most promising young men we have in the seminary, and during the revival this winter was greatly quickened spiritually. We hope and believe that he will make a very useful laborer for his countrymen in the wild regions of his home among the Koordistan Mountains. I wish I could send you his picture, but Oroomiah does not afford a photographer. He has very good features, jet black hair, which he wears rather long, beautiful liquid black eyes, which anybody might covet. In May next he will go back to his home with new love for the Master whose name he bears, and an increased desire to help others to taste of that fountain of love from which he is drinking. Which of your bands is going to claim him and work and pray for his support? Isaac, of Hassan, whose letter I translated and sent to you, is still in the school here and doing very nicely. In a few days I hope to receive letters from the mountains, and hear about the school in Hassan and in Maragha, where Ségo has gone. The Lord in mercy is visiting some of our churches and congregations this season. You will rejoice with us that precious souls are being born into the kingdom of Christ. I hope to hear that these distant mountain regions also are being blessed. My salutations to all the bands of workers interested in this field; may the Lord bless them and verify to them the words in Prov. xi. 24: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

TRANSLATION OF ESHOO'S LETTER.

AR-BUSH, TIARY.

Salutations of love, and the peace of pleasantness, from the mouth of Eshoo, the unworthy, to you, honored Mr. Stocking, and to the lady! Very much I rejoiced on account of the word

that I heard from you about the teaching of school during the last winter. In December (1873), the school gathered to read as usual, according to your telling, for four months. Now I tell to you, O honored guide, that when I came with you on the journey as far as T'khoma, you told me and Obdesho, of Mynzanish, in Tiary, to teach school each in our own village, for four months that year. I taught some ten boys, two girls and one woman. This woman was a believer in Jesus Christ, although formerly she lived in the works of darkness; now she was very anxious to learn, although she had a family. This last winter, also, the school read for four months, till the vacation, which began the 31st of March, 1874. As to the congregation in these two years, it was difficult, on account of the winter and cold, because our village is divided into two parts, about a mile distant from each other. By the grace of our Saviour, there is a church between the two villages (or divisions). In that season when we had snow, and storms of wind and rain, we used to gather in our house in a small room, and in days when the weather was pleasant and quiet from wind and the air clear, we would go to the church till late in the day, and then in the evening we would gather in a house for prayer. Sabbath morning I would read to them the Scriptures, and show them the way of salvation in Jesus Christ, viz., in a *clean heart*, and not in outward ordinances. Amen. Sabbath noon we used to gather in the house of the chief man of the village; all the men and women would gather for worship. In this way I have worked for two years, and taught the school.

Please consider these few words that I have written, although they are mixed up. Excuse their defects.

Remain in peace! From Eshoo the unworthy, Amen. In the year of our Lord, 1874; the Greeks, 2184.

November 26.

“And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.”

Home Work.

PRESBYTERIAL MEETING.

MRS. ATTERBURY sends us the following account of the Presbyterian Meeting held in Detroit, April 14.

We gathered, about seventy-five earnest-looking women, in an upper chamber, Mrs. Parsons, from Saline, presiding. The roll being called after devotional exercises, we found many of the churches represented, others sending their written reports. Miss Weed gave us the work accomplished for the year in a very interesting report, especially directing our attention to the interest excited amongst our young people in their various Bands. An interesting letter was read concerning the work among the Chinese in San Francisco, and also one from Mexico. A dear little woman who had never opened her mouth in a woman's meeting before, plead for some help for Miss Noyes' school in Canton, which was reported as burned, in our last magazine. "The brave spirit which could still see the silver lining to so dark a cloud" awakened a deep interest, and I think about twenty-five dollars was raised in a few moments. Mrs. Walker had prepared an account of our meeting at Milwaukee, and the deepening feeling exhibited showed the strong bond of love to the Master and His work in our hearts.

CARELESS DAUGHTERS.

How strange it should be necessary that missionary meetings must be made attractive, to bring out even those whose names are on the roll book of the Society; yet such is the case here, and perhaps everywhere. It is a strange thing that the Master's work should be considered drudgery, and the money given to carry it on doled out as an unwilling charity! It is a wonder to hear Christians sing:

"If duty did not call,
I love my Lord with zeal so great,
That I could give Him all."

Dear, noble, sainted, consistent Mary Lyon said, "No Christian woman has any right to put twenty-five cents into the treasury of the Lord, and spend twenty-five dollars for personal adornment." How few now give more than this ratio. God help these "careless daughters who are at ease in Zion," when they are called to give up their account!

A. V. B.

OUR CENTENNIAL OFFERING.

WITH this month is ushered in that wonderful year whose anthem was begun long ago, and will be sung through ages yet to come. The hearts of all true patriots will rejoice with "joy unspeakable," and almost every nation on the wide earth will send its gems for that resplendent crown that is to adorn the brow of our honored Republic. Surely, it is a grand thing to have lived to see the dawning of this centennial year. Let the shouts of joy ascend. But for us who have learned the significance of that precious heritage, "freedom to worship God," is there not a higher, broader, deeper sense in which our gratitude should be expressed than moves those who only celebrate the Nation's Independence? Christian women of America, shall this not be our year of opportunity? Think of the millions of our sisters enslaved by the most cruel bondage, and in the vilest degradation, and, with one accord, let us bring all our tithes, that these, too, may learn of that glorious liberty wherewith Christ "doth make His children free." Presbyterian women of the Northwest, shall we not begin in earnest, this anniversary month, to build that monument whose foundation was laid in gold and precious things at Milwaukee, by our beloved Mrs. Rhea? Let us see to it that more societies and bands are organized, more pennies, more dimes, and more dollars given than ever before. Thus will the work go forward, and when the topmost stone is laid, thousands, young and old, from Christian families all about us, will join in the new Centennial song, which will give all honor and praise and glory to Him who hath redeemed us, and made us daughters of the great King, and permitted us to be co-workers with Him.

MUST WE HAVE A SPECIAL OBJECT.

IT is very pleasant to know that the funds we contribute go to serve special objects, and to get letters and messages, &c., from the person, but sometimes our protégé turns out badly, and then the disappointment is sad. Oh, for a sustained interest in the cause of Christ! Is it not better to give straight to the Lord Jesus, and let Him take the money to buy nails and twine, or pay the passage money of missionaries, or touring expenses of those on the ground, or for ink and paper to print and scatter the words of life, just as the whole work requires? What we do for Christ directly in faith and trust, He will not suffer to be lost. The beautiful flower of our gift, though crushed, will exhale a sweeter odor to be wafted on in the future; and our box of costly wood, though broken, will send forth a richer perfume which shall shed its fragrance through the centuries. We are Christ's, and all we have is His. Let us not dictate too much to Him as to how He shall employ our offerings; but let faith be mixed with all we do, and let us have confidence in those whom the church has set apart for the special work of disbursing its funds. G. W. C.

A WORK FOR ALL.

IN our Annual Report, as you read the statistics of the different auxiliaries, notice how great the disproportion between the number of members and the subscribers for *Woman's Work*. In three rare exceptional cases the copies of the magazine taken exceeds the membership of the Society.

Is this not as it should be? At least should the effort be made to have every supporter of the cause increase in knowledge of, and interest in, the facts which month by month we lay before you. While we desire to build up and strengthen those who have already enlisted, we must be unwearied in our efforts to gain new recruits. Arousing those who are at ease, helping those to see who have been in darkness, and those to hear who have never heard before. In this age of the world when the wail of agony, "Lost! lost!" comes from every heathen nation on God's earth—

mothers crying, "Save, oh, save my children, my poor despised daughters, that they come not into this pit of despair where our lives have been dragged out!" has any Christian woman a right to feel that she has no part to bear in this great work, no prayer to offer, no penny to give, no word to speak, that our sisters, away beyond the seas, wearing our flesh and blood, may know of that wonderful robe which Christ has prepared for them also? It shall be our aim to stimulate more and more to this end, hoping every Presbyterian woman in the Northwest will help us. Will you who read and have helped us to become a monthly, look about in your society and see whom you can influence to add their names to our list of subscribers? We of the cities, as well as those of the towns and villages, may find room to improve in this regard. We will all try; then when we come up next year to our annual gathering, the figures in our respective societies will tell a different tale, and we will rejoice together that the examples set us by the Auxiliaries of Vinton and Wheatland, Iowa, and the Fifth Church, Chicago, were not lost, but like the good seed sown in good ground, brought forth even a hundred fold.

RAYS OF LIGHT FOR THE YOUNGER ONES.

OROOMIAH, December 15, 1874.

MY DEAR LITTLE GLEANERS:—We are having such a bright, beautiful morning here in Oroomiah. Does this same sunshine extend "way off" to your little people in Ypsilanti? I think we have much more sunshine and more beautiful skies than you do, yet you have so much else that is beautiful and good which we do not have here in Persia, that you would not be willing to live here instead of there I know, unless your Heavenly Father calls one of you to come here and live by-and-by, that you may help the people to become Christians, and thus gain the beautiful and good as you have done in America.

Your presents for Serra came safely, but I did not give them till the day before the girls went home for their short vacation. . . . The names of the girls of the first class are Serra, Shustran, Myrta, Serra, Hannah, Laiza. I wish you would write to these

girls when you have time. Their recitations to me this winter are Old Testament (we have just finished the book of Daniel) and theology. I enjoy these girls very much, and they are a help to me in many ways.

Accept very much love, each of you.

JENNIE DEAN.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY JUNIATA.

A PLEA for the little children,
That have opened their baby-eyes
In the far-off lands of darkness,
Where the shadow of death yet lies.

Not to the tender caressing
Of babes in our own dear land,
Esteemed as a gift, and blessing,
From the Heavenly Father's hand :

Not to be nurtured for heaven,
Not to be taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er, and guided,
Lest their wee feet should stray ;

But, growing through loveless childhood,
Or, love that but leads astray,
They are coming to take the places
Of those who are passing away.

Alas ! for the idol worship
Their stammering lips are taught ;
And the precious gifts and offerings
By their tiny fingers brought.

And what can the children offer
Who dwell in this favored land ?
Is there no work for the Master
In reach of each little hand ?

Oh, surely a hundred *tapers*
In the small white fingers' clasp
May lighten as much of darkness
As a *lamp* in a stronger grasp.

And then, as the line is longer,
 The light of the tapers small,
 May kindle a better shining,
 Than the lamp might, after all.

And if all these many offerings
 Be linked with a child's true prayer,
 The larger worth of the bounty,
 Who can compute or compare!

Small hands may gather rich treasure,
 And the infant lips can *pray*,
 Employ all the little fingers,
 Let the children learn the way.

So the lights shall be quicker kindled,
 And the darkness sooner shall flee,
 Many "little ones" hear of the Master
 Who said, "Let *them* come unto Me."

FARMER CITY, ILLINOIS.

I HAVE a very pleasant duty to perform in sending the enclosed \$5 from a little boy who, at last communion, became a member of my church. He is only eight years of age, but has become very much interested in the missionary cause. Without any suggestions from anybody he thought he would like to earn some money "for the missionaries." So he learned how to crochet little lamp-mats. These he sold at ten and fifteen cents, and has made this five dollars and more; paying for all the material he used. He is still continuing his work, and I presume before many months, will have another five dollar bill "for the missionaries."

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Blissfield, Mich., Young Ladies' Band.	Freeport, Ill., 2d Church.
Palmyra, Mich.	Woodhull, Ill., Prairie Mission Band.
La Salle, Mich.	Monmouth, Ill., Little Leaven.
Toledo, Ohio, Young Ladies' Mission Band.	Bement, Ill., Little Sunbeams.
Toledo, Ohio, Busy Bees.	Warsaw, Ill.
Indianapolis, Ind., 4th Church.	Norwood, Ill., North Hudson Church.
Chicago, Ill., 6th Church.	Wyoming, Iowa.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. August Schwarz,
 Mrs. L. M. Garland,
 Miss L. C. Beach,
 Mrs. E. W. Lewis,
 Mrs. W. P. Black,
 Mrs. Albert Frank,
 Mrs. S. Andrews,
 Mrs. S. P. Wilcox,
 Miss Mattie Joy,
 Miss Hattie Pratt,
 Mrs. F. H. Chambers,
 Mrs. L. A. Yerkes,
 Mrs. S. Gardner,

Miss Jennie Stewart,
 Mrs. James Gibson,
 Mrs. B. J. Smith,
 Miss Mattie Brewster,
 Miss Minnie Abbott,
 Miss Carrie Cahoun,
 Miss Ada Phillips,
 Miss Julie Knight,
 Miss Clark,
 Miss Sarah Palmer,
 Miss Kittie Hinchman,
 Mrs. Wm. H. Metcalf,
 Miss Eliza Minor.

***Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Mis-
 sions of the Northwest, for May, 1875.***

Milwaukee, Wis., M. Mortimer,	\$10 00	Springfield, Ill., Young Ladies Miss. Soc., 1st Ch., sup. two Bible women in Persia,	\$35 00
Chenoa, Ill., Aux. Soc., for Persia,	25 00	Detroit, Mich., Bee Hive Soc. of Jeff. Av. Ch., sup. Zehere in Mrs. Watson's school, Mt. Lebanon, Syria	75 00
Hyde Park, Ill., for Sabba of Konsee at Oroomiah,	35 00	Constantine, Mich., Aux. Soc., sup. Lulu,	12 25
Saginaw, Mich., for Mrs. Coan's salary,	72 10	Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Soc. of 1st Ch.,	10 00
Bellevue, Iowa, Independent Society,	10 00	La Fayette, Ind., Soc. 2d Ch., Chicago, 1st Ch., for Miss Morrison's salary, \$68 25; from a little Swedish girl, \$5; a gift from Rev. G. W. Coan, \$25,	98 25
Woodhull, Ill., balance,	30	Webster's Grove, Mo., for Zenana Reader,	50 00
Chicago, 6th Ch., for Persa, wife of Pastor Werdai, of Diggi Sakie,	10 00	Lake Forest, Ill., W. M. S.,	51 00
Lexington, Ill., Pres. Ch., Soc., for rebuilding Canton school,	7 70	Leaflets, Hymn Books and Envelopes,	11 40
Aurora, Ind., support Miriam Negim, in Sem. at Sidon,	50 00	Premium on Gold,	2 17
Omro, Wis.,	4 00	Total,	\$724 68
Granville, O., for Granville school, at Futtehghurh, India,	17 00		
Farmer City, Ill., by Georgie Kincaid, eight years old,	5 00	Receipts for April,	\$2,211 02
Valparaiso, Ind., Aux. Soc., for Mrs. Warren's salary,	15 00	" " May,	724 68
Kasson, Minn., Aux. Soc.,	5 51		
Chicago, 5th Ch. S. S., for boys' school in Persia, \$8; 5th Ch., sup. of Miss Campbell, India, \$55,	63 00		\$2,935 70

Mrs. JESSE WHITEHEAD, Treasurer,
 223 Michigan Avenue.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1875.



